

OUR SCRAP BOOK COLUMN

DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO THE HOME.

LONG AGO.

There's a country, sweet with summer, where the deathless lilies grow—
The beautiful, glad country where you loved me, long ago!
The cloudless sky above it—what sorrow could I know
In that beautiful, glad country where you loved me, long ago!

The song of birds—the echo of love-enchanted streams;
The thornless pathways leading to valleys sweet with dreams;
Life set to Heaven's music—the angels willed it so
In that beautiful, glad country where you loved me, long ago!

Have the years, brought tears, my darling? Do you see the far-off skies
But dimly through the shadow of the rain around the eyes?
Do you listen for a lost voice—for a step you used to know,
In that beautiful, glad country where you loved me, long ago!

Come close—the shadows gather; fast falls the blinding night,
And the mists have hidden Heaven and the stars have lost their light.
Come close, and Love shall lead us to the only home we know,
In that beautiful, glad country where you loved me, long ago!

No general rule can be laid down
For the training of children. Take
your child and make your rule to fit
him. You cannot make a child fit a
rule to save your life.

Don't repress the buoyant spirits
of your children. Half an hour of
merriment within doors, and merriment
of a home blots out the remem-
brance of many a care and annoy-
ance during the day, and the best
safeguard that they can take with
them into the world is the unseen
influence of a bright little home sanc-
tum.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at
home good people. Don't shut up
your house lest the sun should face
your carpets, and your heart lest a
laugh should shake down a few of the
musty old cobwebs that are hanging
there. If you want to ruin your
sons, let them think that all mirth
and social enjoyment must be left at
the threshold without when they
come home at night.

The sweet influences of flowers are
a source of much pleasure. Home
does not seem like home, where there
are no pure, sweet flowers blooming;
they cheer and refresh us beyond
measure. Music is no less impor-
tant in making home happy; there
should be some kind of a musical in-
strument in every home, and if no
instrument can be had, there can be
singing.

Sympathy and love, devotion to
the interests of others, instead of the
interests of self, is an irresistible tide
carrying all before it, and sweeping
away unkindness and smallness and
jealousy, and carrying those who are
borne on its stream triumphantly
over the shoals and quicksands of
daily worries and vexations which can
make life so tiresome and so unsatis-
fying.

Each of our lives is an open page,
upon which we are continually mak-
ing impressions. How cautious we
should be that these impressions be
beautiful. Let us then at eventide
scan the page of our life during the
day, discovering all mistakes, and
ever afterward strive to avoid a repe-
tition of them.

There is nothing that is so cheer-
ing to a mother's heart, and such a
rich recompense for all she has sacri-
ficed and endured, as the kind, affec-
tionate remembrance of her children.
There is nothing that can adorn man
or woman more than the tenderness
and gentle care they manifest to-
wards their aged parents as they tot-
ter on the borders of another world.

How often the feelings are hurt,
the heart almost broken by an unkind
word spoken at a time, perhaps, when
the heart was hungry for kindness
and love. The tongue has been the
weapon with which loved ones has
been driven out into the world to
seek for what should be the rightful
portion of earth's children—kind and
loving words. On the other hand,
many a heartbroken creature has en-
tered into the battle of life with re-
newed efforts, urged on by kind words
of encouragement.

What sunshine is to flowers, amia-
bility is to the family. Cross looks
and cross words dwarf and starve the
souls of those around us.

Moan, ye wild winds! around the pane
And fall, thou drear December rain!
Fill with your gusts the sullen day,
Tear the last clinging leaves away!
Reckless as yonder naked tree,
No blast of yours can trouble me!
—Bayard Taylor.

This world is too sweet and fair
to darken it with the clouds of anger.
This life is too short and precious to
waste it in bearing that heaviest of
all burdens, a grudge. Forgive and
forget if you can; but forgive, any-
way; and pray heartily and kindly
for all men, for thus only shall we
be the children of our Father, who
maketh His sun to rise on the evil
and on the good, and sendeth rain
on the just and on the unjust.

"Have faith." Unbelief is the
most unsettled and unstable thing in
life. Lack of faith in one another
leads to a life of suspicion, selfish-
ness, without sympathy and congeni-
ality; it destroys the germ of happi-
ness, wrecks peace and clouds the
sunshine of life. It estranges hearts
that were made to love and severs
unions that have been declared that
"man should not put asunder." No
words mean more to home, happiness
and heaven, than these, "Be not
faithless, but believing."

RICH AND POOR CRIMINALS.

If a poor man impelled by his pov-
erty succumbs to temptation and robs
a wood pile or coal yard to keep his
family from freezing in the cold winter
time he is regarded as a terrible ex-
ample of human depravity, and if he
is caught he is usually speedily sen-
tenced to prison. There is no motion
for new trial, neither are efforts made
to have the sentence suspended or
the prison term shortened on some
flimsy pretense. Is this because the
man is poor and therefore a stern ex-
ample must be made of him?

But if the wrong doer happens to
be a member of a gigantic trust that
has robbed the public not to stave off
poverty, but to swell already gigantic
fortunes all the machinery possible is
set in motion to prevent a trial or,
if that cannot be prevented, to
secure his acquittal through some legal
technicality. If, in spite of all
efforts put forth, the man is found
guilty then still more machinery op-
erates to prevent the law taking its
course.

Such inequality of justice is too
often seen, and it breeds discontent
and gives color to the idea that there
is one law for the poor, especially
when the poor criminal is sent to
prison while the trust criminal, if
pronounced guilty, is let off with a
fine which he can at once pay with-
out feeling the loss. Before the law,
in practice as well as in theory, there
should be no difference between rich
and poor.

Irish inventors have perfected em-
broidering machines which success-
fully rival the finest hand work of the
women of that country at much less
cost.

NICOLO PAGANINI.

A Short Biography of the World's
Greatest Violinist.

Among those remarkably gifted
souls who have left the echo of their
music for the joy of succeeding gen-
erations Paganini, who was born at
Genoa, Italy, on Feb. 10, 1784, and
who died at Nice on May 27, 1840,
holds a foremost place in history.

His father in his early ambition
for his child, in whom he found the
sublime musical gift, was almost
cruel in his demands for study.
While Nicolo had the best violin
teachers to be found in Italy, his
skill was due to his own genius. One
by one these teachers acknowledged
they could teach him nothing, and
the boy worked out his own meth-
ods.

At nine years he wrote a sonata
and at a concert made the audience
fairly wild with enthusiasm over his
playing. At thirteen he started on
his first professional tour and in the
following four years was pretty
nearly ruined. Money poured into
his hands, and he learned to gam-
ble. When he was seventeen there
came a day when he had lost every-
thing but his Stradivarius violin and
3 francs. He played with the
francs and won a hundred. Then he
decided never again to gamble, and
he kept his word.

This life of constant excitement
and excess had ruined his health
and nerves. A wealthy titled wom-
an took him into her favor and kept
him for three years on an estate she
had in Tuscany. She would not al-
low him to play the violin, for she
better enjoyed the guitar.

In the quiet, simple life of the
country Paganini grew strong and
well, and when he was twenty he
went back to Genoa and began his
real musical life. The next year he
made his second professional tour,
and this ended in his being made di-
rector of music at the court of the
Princess Eliza Bacciochi, sister of
Napoleon Bonaparte, at Lucca.

In person Paganini was peculiar.
He was exceedingly thin and had a
strange, awkward walk. His face
was long, his eyes deep and dark,
and he wore his hair long, almost to
his shoulders.

He was thirty when he left the
Tuscan court, and from that time
he kept free from all such obliga-
tions. He played when and where
he had a fancy to appear, and all
Europe was at his feet.

He loved Italy, and when his du-
ties took him to Germany, France
and England he made bitter com-
plaints in regard to climate and
methods of living. In Italy any
accommodation suited him. His
health began to fail seriously after
he was thirty, and after a brilliant
success in all the great cities he re-
turned to Italy and spent some
years in the enjoyment of several
estates he had bought, for he was
now very rich.

In the municipal building at
Genoa is carefully preserved Paga-
nini's violin. He left it to the city,
and no other artist was to be allowed
to play upon it. The great artist is
buried in the village church near
the place of residence he loved best
—the Villa Gajona.—Boston Globe.

Making a Football.

Few people have any idea of the
amount of labor expended in the
making of a football. The leather
used is "split" cowhide, ordinary
cowhide being too thick for the reg-
ulation weight. Previous to split-
ting the leather has been soaking in
the tan pits for ten or twelve
months.

The "split" hide is well softened
with tubbin and then passed to the
cutter, who cuts out the various
sections, which, sewed together,
make a perfectly round ball. The
bladder is made of Para rubber.
This is inflated by machinery, and
the ball is then laced up. Finally
it passes through the hands of the
shaper, who pats down any inequali-
ties in the seams or contour of the
ball.

What Education Does.

"Doctor," said a woman, "as a
medical man kin you tell me how it
is that some folks is born dumb?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the
doctor. "It is owing to the fact
that they come into the world with-
out the power of speech."

"La, me!" remarked the old lady.
"Now just see what it is to have a
physic education! I've axed my old
man more nor a hundred times this
'ere same thing, and all that I could
ever get out of him was, 'Cos they
is.'"—London Answers.

So Inconvenient.

"What has become of the big
man who used to beat the bass
drum?" once asked a returning citi-
zen of the leader of the band.

"He left us more than a year
ago," was the answer.

"Good man, wasn't he?"

"Sure, an excellent man, but he
got so fat that when he marched he
couldn't hit the drum in the mid-
dle."—Exchange.

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Apricot Brandy, per gallon	4 00
Apple Brandy, per gallon	4 00
Alcohol, per gallon	4 00
Mammoth Cave, per quart	1 00
Three Owls, per quart	1 00
Deerfield, per quart	1 00
Old Land Mark, per quart	1 00
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That Pays Grows

Advertising

That Grows Pays

Advertising

In the Register

Does Both

STORY IN FIVE WORDS.

It Told of the Massacre of General
Custer's Command.

Probably the most startling piece
of news that was ever sent out into
the world was the announcement of
the massacre of General Custer and
his command in 1876. The terrible
news was so unexpected that it came
like a bolt from a clear sky. It
brought a feeling of sickening hor-
ror to the heart of every man who
read it or heard it on the street. It
passed from lip to lip as it became
known in the west and the east.
There were friends and relatives of
the murdered men in all parts of
the nation, and the gallant com-
mander was himself a national hero.
For two days the nation waited
breathlessly for information regard-
ing the disaster additional to the
brief general announcement of the
calamity that had been sent out as
soon as the news was known in Bis-
marck, N. D., which was then the
extreme northwestern office of the
telegraph company. That first mes-
sage was a brief one: but, after all,
it told the whole story.

That message was a bit of "wire
talk" sent from Bismarck to Fargo
on the morning of July 5, 1876, and
it said, "All the Custers are killed."
The message was sent by J. M. Car-
nahan, manager of the Western
Union office in Missoula, and it was
thus that the news was first sent
eastward. From Fargo it was re-
peated to St. Paul, and St. Paul
sent it, in turn, to Chicago, and
from there it was passed along to
cities, towns and hamlets, telling its
brief but terrible story tersely, but
completely.

There was but a single wire east
from Bismarck in those days, and
government business had the first
call upon this; consequently Oper-
ator Carnahan had only time to
flash forward this brief message of
general information before he was
compelled to begin the transmission
of the official report of General
Terry to the war department. For
twenty-four hours he sat at his key
clicking off this mass of official cor-
respondence.

All this time the eastern papers
were clamoring for news, but it
could not be given to them. So per-
sistent were these demands for news
that Mr. Carnahan obtained the
permission of Colonel Smith, the
member of Terry's staff who had
brought in the official dispatches,
to make up a short "special" from
the information contained in the re-
ports of the officers. This special
was sent to the New York Herald
and is believed to be the first au-
thentic news of the Big Horn mas-
sacre that was sent out, aside from
the official dispatches.—Cincinnati
Enquirer.

Exactly.

A Flemish gentleman conceived
the idea that he would live only a
certain time, so he made a nice cal-
culation of his fortune, which he so
apportioned as to last just the same
period as he guessed his life would
extend to. Strangely enough, his
calculations came correct to the let-
ter, for he died punctually at the
time he had previously reckoned.
He had so far exhausted his estate
that after his debts had been dis-
charged a solitary pair of slippers
represented the entire property he
left. His relatives buried him, and
a representation of the slippers was
carved on the tomb. Today in a
churchyard at Amsterdam his grave
may be seen, the only inscription
on the stone being two Flemish
words, "Efen Nyt" (i. e., "Exact-
ly").

A Noble Tree.

I wish those persons who view
Chantilly and are fond of fine trees
would not forget to ask for the
great beech. This is the finest I
ever saw; straight as an arrow and,
as I guess, not less than eighty or
ninety feet high; forty feet to the
first branch and twelve feet diam-
eter at five from the ground. It
is in all respects one of the finest
trees that can anywhere be met
with. Two others are near it, but
not equal to this superb one. The
forest around Chantilly is immense,
spreading far and wide. The Paris
road crosses it for ten miles, which
is its least extent.—Arthur Young,
"Travels In France, 1787."

Her Ungratified Wish.

The old pensioned off nurse of a
certain aristocratic family took a
mournful pleasure in the "In Me-
morial" cards which were sent to
her from time to time. On one oc-
casion one of her former nurslings,
now middle aged, visited the old
dame and noticed the collection of
cards displayed above her mantel-
piece.

"Ah, yes, I treasure them all,"
said the old nurse. "There, you
see, is your pore pa's, and there's
your sainted ma's, and here's the
dear little twins' and young Master
George's, and if I only had yours I
believe I could die 'appy!'"